



HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

THE RED SEA SHARKS



MAMMOTH

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THE RED SEA SHARKS



METHUEN CHILDREN'S BOOKS

LONDON

THE RED SEA SHARKS

One evening, at the cinema...



Did you enjoy the film, Captain?

Oh yes... so-so, so-so.



The chap who played the lead is a good actor...

He looks like Alcazar: don't you think so?



... but the end was too improbable. The old uncle hasn't seen his nephew for twenty years... he starts thinking about him... the door opens, and hey presto, who's there? The nephew!



It's as if I was thinking of... I don't know, someone or other...



For example, take General Alcazar, whom you mentioned just now. He completely vanished from our lives years ago...



Well, if you suppose, if I just think about him he'll pop up on the street corner, like that, bingo!



Look here, you misguided fellow, you! Can't you watch where you're going?

It's GENERAL ALCARAZ!

Caramba!





It's extraordinary! Imagine! The Captain and I were just this moment talking about you!

Quiet! ... Of me!



You, of you... weren't we, Captain? Then up you pop like a jack-in-the-box. It's incredible... But tell me, General, what are you doing nowadays?

No?... Er... Well... Si... I... travel... But...



Far from... excuse please... It's much too hurry... Already late for appointment... I go now.

Oh, what a pity... At all events, here's my address, and where can we find you, General?



Er... Um... At those hotel... at... those Hotel Bristol.

Good! The Bristol... And when do you...



Just go... Now! go... Adieu, amigos!

Goodbye, General!



Well, well! Frankly, I don't think your friend Alonzo was in a very chatty mood!



Yes, an odd fellow. Oh well, come on.



?

OH!



Crumbs! It's the general's wallet. He didn't put it right inside his pocket.



Quick! He can't have got far.



Hello, where's he gone to?

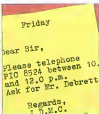


Perhaps he got into a car... Never mind. The Hotel Bristol is quite near; we'll leave his wallet there.



A few minutes later, at the Bristol...

General Alonzo?... No, Sir, we have no one of that name here.



Can you hear me?... What?... You don't know the name Myster?... What about Kamen Zerkov?... Nor that?... You see, sir, I found his wallet and... I beg your pardon?



I tell you, sir, I am not Mr. Roberts! I don't know your General Alphonse, and I am not interested in your story... Goodbye!



There's police-men for you!



Very odd... They don't know of him at that number. Too bad... We'd better be getting home to Martineville.



A little later...

How strange. The front door's open...



WOOAAAH! WOOAAAH!



Good heavens! My poor Sorey! What's done this to you?!



I'll go to the bottom of it!



Hey, Captain, what's happened to you?



Billions of blue blistering bar-mules! Who's the thundering son of a sea-goblin who did that?... Myster?... Myster!



HAAAAH!



Th... th... th... there behind you!



RRROAH!







Mr Hassim, speak to His highness
Prince Abdullah



And I bring you messages from my
Master.



*Most esteemed and well-
beloved friend,
I address to you my
son Abdullah, to
improve his English.
Here the situation is
serious. Should my
misfortune, fulfill me
I want in you, my friend,
to care for Abdullah.
Emir Ben Khalid*



Read that, Eiffendi, it's for you... Tell
me Hassim, what does the Emir
mean... "The situation is serious"!
I know not, Eiffendi.



What do you make of it?
One thing's clear: we've
got Abdullah on our hands.
We'll have to bring the
young scamp to heel.



Abdullah!... You little
brat! I'm going to
teach you a lesson ...

WAAH!



Halt there!... Touch not the
son of my Master!



Touch me! Touch me! You
drabouque, you! If you imagine
I'm going to let that little
post come into my house ?



Just wait till
I find you,
you young
rascal!



Oh sir!... Sir!... It's terrible,
sir... All these foreign persons
have killed themselves...

Later, Master ...
tell me later.



... in the stable-rooms!



You'll explain that to Freddie later!
Good... What?
... No, no trouble at all...



Ringing up when I'm in the bath!
I ask you!



Half an hour later...

Well, well! Thompson and Thompson!... And they want to talk to me about General Alagar. Oh, isn't it?

Yes... Talking of odd things... where's Abdullah this morning?



KHRRR KHRRR

Hissting harrackey here he come!



No, it's Calcular!
Good gracious!



You goat, you! D'you often feel repelled to come to breakfast on roller-skates?

Very well, thanks. And you!



Now admit it. You're puzzled to see me come in like that. ... Yes, yes, you find it odd, don't deny it?... Well, I can't tell you anything more at present...



RRRRING

...but quite soon you'll see my reason for it.



The Thompsons?
Already?

Ah!... Now for some breakfast.

D'you think so?





You thundering attribited humskull you! Haven't you finished making the good yet?



Who ring, Nestor?

I found no one the first time, sir. But the second time, I saw Abdallah running away.



RRRRING

I bet that's him! But he won't get away with it this time. Nestor, go and bring the inspector!



Now... as soon as he rings, you open the door, and there: pookit!... We'll get a good laugh!



RRRING

That's it!... Quick, open up, Nestor!



I... I'm dreadfully sorry!... Please forgive me! You see, it's Abdallah's fault. The young rascal kept ringing the bell...



Ha! ha! ha! ha!



?



A few minutes later...

Well, here's the position. [Interpol] have asked us to keep an eye on a man called Dawson, and to collect all the information we can about his activities...



... and also about the people he meets. It so happens that you know one of them: General Nestor. What can you tell us about him?

Very little, as a matter of fact.



I knew him when he was President of the Republic of San Tinsalores. I met him later, in Europe. He'd been deposed by his rival, General Tapico, and had fled from his country. He'd become a knife-thrower on the music-halls... That's all.



All? Really? And what did he say to you, when you met him last night?

?





Just read this advertisement I've found in an old newspaper!



Extraordinary!... Why don't they add "an easy term"? You'll see, we'll end up buying a battleship or the 'Queen Mary' on the never-never!

Maybe, but did you notice the initials?



J.D.M.C. ... J.D.M.C. ... Thundering typhoons! Alcazar's wallet! The signature on this letter!

Precisely!



No doubt about it: the general's here to buy armaments. But that's no reason for failing to return his wallet. And since Thompson and Dawson have kindly told us the right address...

I'll come with you.



Enter, at the hotel location...

General Alcazar! Yes, he's here, sir, I just saw him go past. You'll find him in the lounge.

Thank you.



There...



Look... he's talking to someone. But... good heavens! It's Dawson. I must have been sure. He was police chief in the International Settlement in Shanghai.



And there in the background, lurking behind their newspapers...

The Thompsons!



This all looks pretty fishy: I'd like to know a bit more about it. Listen, Captain, you stay here, and as soon as Dawson goes, you return General Alcazar's wallet. I'll follow Dawson. We'll meet at Marlborough.

O.K.



Are you later...

There he is... getting into that black Jaguar.



Quick, fast!... Follow that black Jaguar, there, ahead of us.



Where are we off to now?

Fifteen minutes later...

We're on the outskirts of town already... Ah, he's slowing down... He's going to turn off.



There it is, driver. Stop!



Oh! A watchman!



How can I get in without being seen?... Perhaps... Yes, I know...



We're over the first hurdle. Now let's see...



Aircraft! So we were right!



Caution! Footsteps!



"Morning guy! Seen the 'Report' or 'Today'?... No? Well, read that.



Aha! Fright!... The Mosquitoes we sold them did a grand job. These boys know how to make use of them!

How right you are! Any news from Alexander?



It's in the bag! Twelve Mosquitoes there, too. To help him crush out his rival, General Topica... Fails us. Let them fight. So long as we can unload our junk on them, why worry?



You've said it!... Well, I'll see to the packing of these DC3 spares for Anabair. Now that they've got the green light over there, they're going to need them. It looks to me...







A passenger with
a white dog! That
reminds me of
something... but what?



RRRING
RRRING



The airport at Wadoudah, capital of Khemed, three days later...



Disturbing typhoons! What sort of a game is that?

Here are your passports. You will be conducted to the aircraft.



Thundering typhoons! You're not getting away with this! Our passports are perfectly in order... You have no right...



Billions of disturbing typhoons! To have come safer, and then be held up by these Bushi-bosses! It's absolutely infuriating!



An hour later...

There they go! In an hour they'll be flying over the mountains... Jaha! Kadhaha... Taaa...



Another stormy in this flying coffin!... And a bumpy trip into the bargain. Rattled about like dice in a box... I just wonder what sort of trouble will drop on us next...



Thundering typhoons! Why does everything happen to me?



Look out, Captain!



Another...



... air-pocket!









Alittle be panned...
We are safe!



Wheee! That's it!
The fire is out.



Don't stay here in the
open sun. We'd better
move into the shadow of
these rocks, while we
wait for a rescue party.



Come out of there,
Snowy! It's over!

Wooah!
Wooah!



Wooah!
Wooah!



No, no, there's no need to
worry. Wodeadeh was
alarmed, and it's only
thirty miles away they'll
soon be out looking for
us.



A few minutes later...

I say, Captain, if we stay here
they'll take me back to Wodeadeh,
and we'll be expelled once again...
Wait a minute, Snowy... It seems
to be about thirty miles to the
city. Suppose we make
ourselves scarce...

On foot!

Wooah!
Wooah!



Yes, on foot... I'm just going back to the
plane. Snowy's incorrigible; he absolutely
insists on showing me some thing.

So you're
coming
at last!



All right, Snowy... I'm coming with you.

Thirty miles!
A mere
trifle!



Thirty miles... And
I've still got... Let's
see... I've still
got...



... half a bottle
of whisky... that's
240 miles to the
gallon... not too
good, but still...



BOOM



When we get to Wadendak, we'll
rock shuffle with our old friend
Sankar Oliveira de Figueira.



SNIFF
SNIFF

We won't run into
the rescue party on
the way... As soon as
our disappearance is
reported, they'll start
searching for us.



WOOAAH...
YOW... YEOW...



Night has fallen...

I've had enough of this little
jamb! ... If we go on much
longer I'll be on my knees!
If only I could lie down!



Lie down? We simply
must reach Wadendak
before dawn, Captain.
Lying down is out of
the question.



Quick, lie down!

Make up your
mind... shall I
lie down, or not?



A patrol! I'm sure they're
out looking for us.



Ha!... Who
goes there?



I heard a noise... a sort
of rumbling...

It's just an air-
plane... Listen.



For heaven's sake
stop snoring!

No, snoring?
I didn't hear
anything.



Where? ... They've gone.
Oh, good... ZZZ...



Come on, Captain, get
up. We're snoring on...

I'll have my
breakfast in
bed, Nestor...
ZZZ... ZZZ...



It isn't Nestor, Captain, it's
Tidie! ... Get up, hurry!



What on earth can I
do? Let's hope they
don't come back...







I... What was that? ... Er...
Forgive me... I... I think I was
dreaming... A nightmare... Finbar...

Oh, well...



I'll light up. That'll
help me to stay
awake.

Good idea.



Where was I? ... Oh yes... I was saying that
six months ago, as a result of an agree-
ment between the Emir and Arabair, Wadoudah
became an important link in the air route
to Mecca. Then, a few weeks ago, it seems
that trouble blew up between Arabair
and the Emir. The situation began to
deteriorate...



...As if by chance, trouble
flared up all over the country,
and Sheikh Sab El Bar took com-
mand of the rebels. These rebels
were supported by a powerful
air force which, not speak, came
out of the blue. The rebels marched
on Wadoudah, and seized power.



It all puzzles me, Senator Oliveira.
You see, the rebel Mesquitos
and the Arabair DCSs came from
the same source... And I'd like to
know what touched off the dispute
between the Emir and Arabair.



Er... I've no idea
at all.

Oh?... Well... We'll go into that
later. The most urgent thing is to
help the Emir. What's become of him?



He had to flee. He took
refuge in the hotel with
Fabiola's father, whose
finer friendsman remained loyal.



HAAAAH!...



What... what... what...
what happened?

Your pipe, Captain,
it set fire to
your beard.



Come, it's time for
sleep. Tomorrow we
will find some way
for you to leave the
city, and join the Emir.

Yes... Good.



Two days later...

Oh you see, there?...
A patrol coming...

I know...
Keep calm!



TEN
THOU...





Why can't you talk English like everyone else, you fancy-dress Fatima? What do you want, anyway?

WOOAH!



Billions of blue blistering berenices! That old witch will raise the alarm!...



...And our guide isn't here!... Obviously was quite definite that he'd wait near the well, with the horses... Now what is it, Samy?

Wooah!... Wooah!...



There he is! Fine! Back in the saddle again...



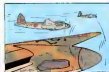
And a few minutes later...

My stirrups, hissing berenices! ... My stirrups! ...



Meanwhile...

Hello, Colonel Achmed!... This is Muft Fakh at Sheikh Bah El Ehn's headquarters... Order your Mosquitoes to take off immediately... Hello? ... Yes. Their mission: to wipe out a party of three horsemen who have left Wadzedah, heading for the Jebel... You understand! ... Good... Armoured cars are already on the way... Hello!... Yes, they are partisans of Ben Kallah Ebn... No, wipe them out.



There they are!... Fine!









And you, what brings you here?... Come along in and sit down. You must be tired. And you'll certainly be hungry and thirsty. I will have some refreshments brought to you.



Well, our Highness, we are here to try and help you, also, to get to the bottom of a mystery, in which Arabair seems to have an important part.



One day, about three months ago, my little Arabair, my flawless jewel, expressed a wish to see the Arabair places loop the loop a few times before landing at Wadadiah...



Nothing simpler, don't you agree?... And it would have given my humblest wish pleasure!... Well, instead of seizing this opportunity of pleasing my little sugar-plum, they refused, on some trumped-up excuse....



Naturally, I was very angry and threatened to terminate our agreement. I also used another device: that I would reveal to the world that Arabair was involved in slave trading.



Slave trading, or less... Their places trading down at Wadadiah on the way from Africa are always full of bustling with native Sudanese and Songhai. These are Mohammedan converts, making their pilgrimages to Mecca.



On the other hand, on the return journey their places are mostly empty... Why?... Because somewhere between Wadadiah and Mecca these unfortunate captives are sold as slaves.



Er... Yes... But to get back to Arabair these jackals stirred up trouble in my country, and thanks to their support, they accused him of being able to seize power... But it won't be for long... I'll throw him out, that money dog, that cunning hyena, that slimy serpent, that...



GRAOW

By Allah!... Let us hope your dog hasn't gone near Arabair!

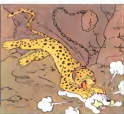


GRRRAOW ? !



CRACK GRAOW









By the beard of the Prophet, something suspicious is going on over there.

Ha! ha! ... Who goes there?



By Allah! ... They have stumbled on a patrol! ...



Ha! ha! ha! Soldiers? Then? ... Don't make me laugh! One shot into the air and they bolted like rabbits!



Ha! ha! ha! ha!



Ha! ha! ha! I was thinking of those two-pussy-half-pussy cowards galloping headlong! Anyone'd think they were trying to break the sound barrier!



Unfortunately they'll have made a report ... In which case...

What a pessimist you are! What are you afraid of? ... That they'll send a squadron of battleships after us!



Not that, certainly, but ...

But what?



Over there, Captain! ... That's just what I feared!



Thundering typhoons! Monstrosities!



They're coming back! ... This is going to be bad! ... Everybody down!





I don't know what happened... Saving yourself isn't too far from behind.

But what?... We're on our own. The crew has taken the boat and went off.



Quick, get down... That's what knocked you out!



Thundering typhoons! My nose!

So sorry... But there's no time to waste. We must build a raft, or we'll be grilled alive.



A quarter of an hour later...

Billions of blue blistering barberries!... We've saved two cases of provisions, and we're big-spread; it's enough to drive you crazy!

What about trying with your knife?



Oh! There's the pilot from the plane we shot down!

Alive!!! Let him take care of himself... Er... Is he far away?



No, quite near. Here, help me rescue him.



You've done a good job, eh? You trigger-happy Doug! Who are you, anyway? What's your name?

Shut.



What do you mean, scout? I'll knock you members, you blistering bombardier! I'll soon deflate you! Ecstasious!

But... but... my name. Shut... Your Shut... No. Ecstasious...

Look out!... Mind your knife!



Er... Oh! Shut... So your name's Shut, eh? ... Er, I... Well, don't let it bother you!



Meanwhile...

Hello! Hello... This is RSKD... This is RSKD calling R4 WM... Over.



Hello! Hello! This is R4 WM... This is R4 WM... Come in RSKD... Come in... Over.



Meanwhile...

May I have the pleasure
of this gamble, Principessa?

But of course, Margalo.



What an ideal yacht for a
cruise!



The "Schokharozuki" is certainly
a wonderful ship... And what a
good idea to have a fancy-dress
ball on board... Ma-magical!



Excuse me, my lord, there is a radio
call for you... It's urgent...

Very well, I'm coming.



You see, dear lady?
Business, always busi-
ness. I am indeed a
slave... Will you forgive me?

Don't give it
a thought.



What an entrancing host he is.
This cruise aboard the "Schokharozuki"
is really too enchanting!



Yes, he's a true gentleman.
Naturally, malicious tongues
spread rumours that he has a
shady past...



It's only to be expected that
such luxury arouses envy.
One must admit...



Hallo! Hallo! Kô VM calling K3K0
...Transmit in code... Over.



Powerful insects have along the blood goat.
Parasites 1 and 2 are in the bag. Out.

K3K0 to K3K0
Understood Out



Good... Now for the book, and
we'll decode this Smeikes
1 and 2 - I know who they are!



There... I have it... Excellent!
Mall Pooka has done well.
We're rid of those two
meddlers!



If this goes on, Captain, we'll soon be on Dr.
Bowdler's diet: plankton and sea-water.









Thundering typhoon! What a magnificent yacht! What is that?... Hey, are they having a dinner on board?



Almost... A fancy dress ball... And what a bunch they are! High society, I can tell you; nothing but dukes, duchesses and film stars - all the help.



Far in Madonnal Can you believe it!... It's Tintin, and his friend the deep-sea fisherman, Padlock.



I must go and welcome them. And must embrace the children of Adventure!



In the name of the Margale di Gorgonzola, welcome aboard, Christiane mid!



Signora Castafiore!... Run for it! What shall we do?... Hap back on the raft!

My dear Tintin!



Delighted to see you again, my dear Padlock... Hmrrack.



...In fact, Signora Castafiore, Hmrrack's in-rrill!

The so sorry, Signora, but his lordship has given orders: these poor men are completely exhausted. And there... there's the risk of infection, you know.

But my good man, I'm not ill!



A little later...

Well, Parker, have you questioned them?

Yes, m'lord. They were aboard a sam-buk, being taken to Mecca...



...This morning, their boat was watched-pinned and set on fire by aircraft from Khemed. After shooting down one of the planes, they made themselves a raft. They then rescued the pilot of the aircraft.



Well done, Parker. Thank you.

If your lordship will pardon me, I think I should mention that Signora Castafiore, who knows the two castaways, welcomed them in your lordship's name.

Pinola!



The Margale di Gorgonzola's yacht!... It's fantastic... I must be dreaming.

Come on, Tintin... Up in the clouds again!... Hey! Tintin!



They can't stay here on board. But what's to be done? What indeed?... Ah, I have it! The "Rhinoceros". ...She's in these waters... Tomorrow we must pass one another, as if by chance.



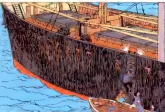
Next day at dawn...

Sub dressed quickly. You're in luck. We've met a merchantman bound for Marseilles just where you were seeking for. Her master has agreed to take you aboard.



Er...!... What. Good. Gaud's fine.

And a few minutes later...



So that's that! And now, my fine friends, I wish you a pleasant journey. Ma! Ma! Ma! He!



Ah, this is the place for me back aboard a good old freighter.



There, you two: these are your quarters. Your girl's going elsewhere... The skipper will be down to see you soon: he'll bring you your whisky himself!



Hi, you lubberly scum, not so fast! What do you mean!



This is too much! He's locked us in, the insolent porcupine!



Open up! Thundering Cypriote, open up! You ill-mannered savages!



Well, well, you old drunkard! So you're kicking up a row already?



This is a happy reunion, eh, old
bottle mate! We must have a drink
on it.



...pedaled up here? Quite simple:
[command one of *di Gorgonzola's*
Freighters, yesterday I had a sign-
post ordering me to alter course...
So this morning we met the
"Schickensauze", as if by accident,
...Naturally done, etc!



If you're possible, you'll be put
ashore... But not at Mecca... At
Waldedeb!



You're breaking my heart, dear
boy. But that's enough talk... You
must be thirsty... Here, drink my
health...



Not on your life!...
And you'll put us ashore
at Mecca, or else!

Or else what?... Hal hal hal!...
I advise you to behave yourselves.
Don't forget we're in the Red Sea,
and there's no shortage of
sharks... You put me? ...
Now, like a big-hearted
chap, I'll leave this
bottle to amuse you.



'Bye for now!... We dock the
day after tomorrow. So you've
plenty of time to solve one im-
portant question: do you sleep
with your board under or over
the sheet?



Hal! hal hal!... That's a
good one! His board!
No, he won't sleep
at night tonight!



Over?... No, not that way...



Under?... Blistering barracuda!
Not that way either!



Sony!... That's a drunkard...





Over 1...



To Rehearse with the final clothes! I've too hot a story!



There... That's the answer!



Under 1...



Now for some sleep...at last.



BANG THUMP
"Hurry! Hurry! **BANG**
CLOMP
into the boats!"
There, I'm dressing already!



Come on, Joe! **BANG**
Hey, this is no dream!... These clouds... that champagne!... The engines have stopped... that's real enough!



Show a leg, there!



Did... did you fall out of your bunk?
Where do you think I came from?... More?... Blistering barnacles, get up!... I think that bunch of rats are abandoning ship!



Open up, blistering typhoons!... Open up before I get violent!
Captain, this son-of-a-bitch. Let's try to force the door.



BUMP BUMP BUMP



YE OW!
Quick, let's see what's happening



Hurry, Captain, hurry!



Thundering typhoons! The ship's on fire!



Keep it up, boys! Row hard! She'll blow up any minute.



Whippersn... Pirates!... Full-brusters!... Picannees! Leaving us in the lurch on a doomed ship! To Davy Jones with the lot of you!



Follow me... We'll probably find a raft up forward.

We obviously have a vocation for shipwrecks!



HEY! HELP! HELP!

EFFEND! EFFEND!

There's someone in the hold!... What the...?!



Who are you, below there?



We good black men... Must come out... No can breathe... We afraid...



Regret! A lot of there, too, I'd say... What shall we do, Captain? We can't just abandon them.

You're right. Come on.



We'll try and put out the blaze... That cargo... I just can't make it out!



Eighteen tons of high-explosive and ammunition it'll make a pretty fireworks display!



That's it! The hose is connected... Now then, let's open the valve.



Blub...!... blub... I've got it, Cap... blub...



Thanks... that's it... I'll tackle the fire... You go over to port and get another hose into action.





Let's hope they
will do the job!



What about the explosion? Is it due
for today or... but... but... I can't see
any more smoke or flames!



By thunder! The *Fin*'s
gone out! Put her about
boys. We're going back.

It... it's out... A huge wave... I
was very nearly washed
overboard...



What luck!... Now for
those poor fellows
below, Captain.

You're right, but
first of all...



...[I'm going to try to restart
the engines. You go up on the
bridge and take the wheel.]



Half an hour later...

By thunder!... The "*Enigma*"
is drawing away!... Someone
has got her engines going!



Flaw! That was no joke, alone;
but also under way at last.

Magnificent, Captain... And
now for the *Niagara*.



There's something more urgent: to
send out a distress call by radio.



!

OH!





So it is! A sambook...
The harbour pilot from
Jidda, perhaps... No,
we're still too far from
shore... A fisherman,
then?



How odd... he's signal-
ling to us... We'll leave
to, and see what he
wants...



Salawas, O sailor... Captain Allan is up
there!

Captain Allan?...
Finished... Gone...
... I am
captain now.



Ah, you have replaced him... Good,
good... Is the coke of best quality
this time?

The coke? Again? Blistering
harmalas, what's all this non-
sense about coke? Thundering
lypnas, there's no coke on board!



No coke on board!... Ha! ha! ha!



Come here, you.
Yes, Effendi.



How... Yes... Strong muscles
— you'll do...



And teeth!... Come on, open
your mouth, Sambo... Hmm, not
too bad... Teeth quite sound!



Here, have you quite finished
playing the cattle-dealer? This man's
not a horse, nor a slave...

Sah!... You wouldn't say
that!... "Coke" is the word,
as you well know.



Coke!... Blistering harmalas!
... That's was right! There
still are slave-traders... And
that's what you're up to, you brute!



You trafficker in human flesh!
You deserve to be strung up on
the nearest yardarm!



A fragment of a wireless message sent by de Gonjovale to that gangster Allah! ... And "take" is a code word for their cargo of slaves! ... The pirates!



First, we must talk to the Africans: they must be made to understand that under the circumstances it's madness for them to go to Mecca.



Agreed... Then we must try to send out a radio call...

Getting on, that?

Still needs work, Captain.



Good... Well, I'm going to talk to the cargo. You take the wheel and steer due south. We'll head for Djibouti.

O.K.



A few minutes later...

My friends, listen to me carefully. You have undertaken this long journey to make a pilgrimage to Mecca, haven't you?



Afterwards, of course, you plan to return home and regain your families. Isn't that so?



Yes, Effendi.

Yes.

Yes.

I'm afraid a very different fate awaits you. You saw that Arab who came aboard, and I chased off?... He's waiting for you in Mecca, to buy you and make you into slaves! ... Slaves, you understand?



You speak well, Effendi. Wicked Arab, very wicked. Poor black men not want to be slaves. Poor black men want to go to Mecca.



Naturally, I realize that. But I repeat, if you go there, you'll be sold as slaves. Is that what you want?

We not slaves, Effendi. We good Muslims. We want to go to Mecca.



But billions of Mos Histering hurricanes, I keep on telling you: if you go there, you'll be sold as slaves! Thundering typhoons, I can't make it any clearer.



You not shout, Effendi. Poor black men only want to go to Mecca.

All right, you beachheads, go to Mecca! ... But you'll stay there for ever! ... You'll never see your own country again! ... Never see your families again! ... You'll be slaves for ever! ... That's what you're in for, you dimwitted coconuts, you!

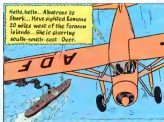


We not coconuts, Effendi. We good black men. We good Muslims. We want to go to Mecca.



I can't do a thing! ... I've tried the lot! ... You can't shift them: they want to go to Mecca, stop: that's all! ... It's like bringing your head against a brick wall!









I say, Skat, I'm terribly sorry! You've worked for so long on this radio... and then I'm so clumsy...

Gee!



She working?... She working now!

What?... After a bump like that? It's not possible.



She working, I tell you! Listen...



Captain!... Captain!... The radio!... It's going!!



I... So sorry, but the radio, Captain... the radio ... It's going!!

Oh yes? Where?... I hope it stays clear of me...



... because I've had enough of being reversed! Only a couple of minutes ago, pop - a flying-fish slap in my face. And now you, that's enough!

Flying fish? I must have a look at those with my binoculars.



Oh, how beautiful! You'd think they were little silver arrows...



Look at them, skimming over the waves... I can see two... and, three...



And there... Hey, what is the world's that!



CAPTAIN!... CAPTAIN!... A PERISCOPE!



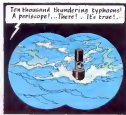
Where is it now?... I can't see it any more... But I'm absolutely sure...

Now then, keep calm...



There, Captain, over there, I'm sure... Right out there... I saw the wake, I tell you!

Now keep calm, young skaver! Periscope or no periscope, keep calm...



Ten thousand thundering typhoons! A periscope!... There!... It's there!



Action stations!... Fire!... S-O-S... The radio, Skat! Confound! the radio, Skat!... Send for help! At once!... A submarine!... Clear the decks for action!... Keep calm! Don't panic!... Women and children first!



Calm down, Captain, calm down!... All isn't lost yet!
You're right... Keep cool... Keep calm and don't panic!



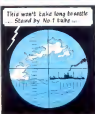
Disaster!... This and!... There's nothing we can do! If they're di Gorgonelli's people we're finished!
But why?



The convention!... In the forward hold... A torpedo in there, and you know the rest!
Of course! Only, the torpedo isn't here yet! Come on, hurry, everyone on the alert.



Not far away... We're almost within range... They don't know what's in store for them.



This won't take long to test... Stand by No. 1 take...



Talkin' at the radio: You at the wheel, Skat. Repeat my orders when I give them. Skewerher, starboard is right: port on the left...



S.O.S. S.O.S. ...a Ramona calling. Un-identified submarine in immediate vicinity... We fear the worst... Here's our position



No. 1 take, fire!



S.O.S. S.O.S. ...a Ramona calling... In danger of being torpedoed...



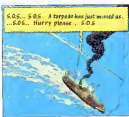
Torpedo to port! Hard a starboard!...



Hard a starboard it is!



Curse on them! They're closing away... They must have spotted us



S.O.S. S.O.S. A torpedo has just missed us... S.O.S. Hurry please. S.O.S



A moment later, about the 111 longitude... An S.O.S. I just picked up, sir!
What's all this belly-boo about a submarine?... There isn't a war on, is there?



But meanwhile... Starboard 30... Ahead, speed six knots... Stand by No. 2 take.



Thundering telephones! The engine-room telegraph is jammed at half-speed alarm. Quick, a screw-driver!



By Lucifer! They're going astern... over torpedo has misfired again... They're tough, these boys...



Hourly! It's passed ahead of us.



S.O.S. A second torpedo has just missed. Hurry, Los Angeles.



Quick! Quick! I must release this infernal machine!



PKKKRAFFT!... TSKKKRAAT!... The preloaded catapult...



...Gee-gee construction!... Take that!



YEEOWW!



Ah, they're still going astern! Very well! No. 3 and No. 4 tubes ready!



CLING CLANG

Take that, you electric machine, you!

?



Hello P... Engine room! ...Hello S

Hello, offends?



BRROM

Too late! ... They've got us!



BRROM!

Again!



No, they're Apple charges! ...
Whew! I really thought we'd
beon torpedoesd ...

U.S. Navy airplanes, with
these pirates for a target!
...They're certainly machines
from the Los Angeles.



Oh! Great grandfathers!
What a pecking! ...They'll
be as fish as a Dover
sole after that!

Wait! ...There,
that's upped in
the water.



Look! The submarine
has surfaced!

Yes... obviously they've
been badly knocked
about ...



Ticory! ... They're waving a white
flag... They're surrendering ...
The game's up.



Well, well. Well identified sub-
marine! Appear on the surface
and stop your engines. Our mas-
sive mind and we'll blow you
out of the water.



Torpedoes are out of the question
now... A trigger-mine on their
hull! ... With the assassination
aboard, it'll look like an accident...
In you go: you're plenty of time!
The mine's set to explode in due time.



Be quick: they're coming back!

Go!



What
a job!



Save! Yippe!
Save!

Heave!

Tutututututut!

That is white
man's follo-
dance.



They said the
dive parties was
in the torpedes.

Meenawhale ...

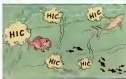
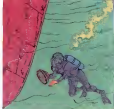
This is all very fine, but we must wait for the Los Angeles. I'm going to see if there's any chance of dropping anchor.



Twenty-two fathoms depth... that's perfect ...



Ahoy, there! Let go the anchor! Eighty fathoms of chain.



An hour later ...

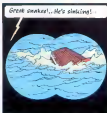
Hooyay! ... There she is! ... The Los Angeles!



American cruiser is sight!

Don't worry, boys... She'll blow up any moment now.





NEW REVELATIONS SHOW WORLD'S SLAVERY—IT STILL EXISTS Crackdowns in human lives are under way —COKE

Revelations at the U.N. conference after Paris shocked the civilized world. While the UN experts about the slavery of the African continent, the UN experts in Africa are planning to crack down on the slave trade. The UN experts in Africa are planning to crack down on the slave trade. The UN experts in Africa are planning to crack down on the slave trade.

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EMIR BEN KALISH EZAB

Revealed in
... in Africa

MULL PASHA

Revealed in
... in Africa



CAPTAIN ALLAN

Picked up by British
Cargo Transport



Where did Sheik Bab El Ehr get his Warplanes?

WAR SURPLUS STOCKS ACQUIRED BY DAWSON
ON BEHALF OF RASTAPOPOULOS



The source of the aircraft used by Sheik Bab El Ehr to help in his defense of the Free Ben Kalish Ezab is now revealed. These aircraft were war surplus stocks brought up from Europe by Dawson, who had been in the United States on his way to the United States. Dawson was a secret contact for Rastapopoulos.

UNITED NATIONS APPEAL

Delegates demand international control of Moroccan pilgrimage transport

Professors at the U.N. conference after Paris shocked the civilized world. While the UN experts about the slavery of the African continent, the UN experts in Africa are planning to crack down on the slave trade. The UN experts in Africa are planning to crack down on the slave trade. The UN experts in Africa are planning to crack down on the slave trade.

TINTIN IN NEW ADVENTURE



PIRATE SUBMARINE IN RED SEA

A charge of piracy...
... in the Red Sea

A fortnight later

Well, what a joy to be home again, and to breathe the country air...

...and hear the old familiar sounds...

Listen, the sound of a motor, it's the pardner mowing the lawn...





Great thanks! My professor Calculus! ... What's he inventing this time?!



Hello there, Professor! That's certainly a funny way to welcome people!

So there you are? Welcome back to Martinique.



What on earth are those contraptions?

Ingenious, aren't they?



Motor-roller-skates, for a long time I've been trying to find an answer to the traffic problem ... I was thinking of a flexible, heavy, lightweight machine



First!... And they'll have to install traffic lights on the pavements with your confounded roller-containers!... And where is Abdullah?

No, a two-stroke engine, of 18 c.c., and controlled by cables which regulate the throttle and steer the skates at the same time.



That's all very interesting ... But I asked you, where is Abdullah? ... Abdullah? WHERE IS ABDULLAH?

You simply won't believe it, but I've reached the peak! ... Would you like to try them?



Oh, ah!! ... Oh, how glad I am to see you back, sir!!

Hello, Monsieur, I ... And my poor Master, what's happened to you?



I ... I fear that Master Abdullah's visit was not very good for me ... But things are better now ... He and his retinue departed yesterday. He left a note for you.



Poor Master! ... A real shame, that boy. Let's see what he's written to me.



Can't he use my proper name?



"My dear Blistering Barnacles, I have been very good. I haven't played any jokes. Papa wrote to me. I must go home. That's and, because it is from Martinique. With love from Abdullah."



Very sweet, ah? ... Monsieur just been fussing about a little innocent children mischief.



BANG

Believe it or not, this blistering hurricane is a blinding typhoon! Another joke by that infernal child... Shall I never be left in peace!! In peace!!



Sir, Mr. Wagg just arrived...

Who?... Johnny Wagg?... Oh, no, no!... I want some peace!... Please!



Hello, old boy! How are you, you old son-of-a-dog? I'm doing fine... In the pink!... But! But! But! What a lark to see you again, you old howler, you!

Er...



Well, my old son, I've got a surprise for you... I know the country's pretty, but it's dull as ditchwater...

A matter of taste...



No, no, take it from me, it's dull. So I said to myself, "Johnny," I said, "you must go and invent things up for that old stick-in-the-head..."

That's very kind of you, but...



Now, now, turn it up! No buts! Too easy. I'm president of the Vegetable Car Club down my way; all I've had to do is organize a rally, and the final trials...



...are at Marlborough!

